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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5S

"Warriors' Gate"

by

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DOCTOR WHO: 'WARRIORS' GATE' EPISODE ONE

CAST:

Doctor  
Romana  
Adric  
K9

Sagan (Communications Clerk)  
Lane (crewman)  
Nester (crewman)  
Aldo ( " )  
Waldo ( " )  
Rorvik (Captain)  
Packard (Second)

Biroc (Thark)

Thark bodies (N/S)  
Crewmen (N/S)  
Gundans (N/S)

SETS

Int. Hold of Privateer  
Int. Corridors of Privateer  
Int. Corridor Intersection of Privateer  
Int. Bridge of Privateer  
Int. Damaged area of Privateer  
Int. Entrance Hatchway of Privateer

Int. Tardis Console Room  
Int. Tardis corridor

Ext. Void  
Ext. Tardis in Void  
Ext. Tardis by the Void

Ext. Gateway  
Int. Gateway Entrance Tunnel  
Int. Old Banqueting Hall

Model Shot

Tardis in E-Space

TELECINE 35 mm

Suppose Cam

Opening  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. INT. THE HOLD OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(A KIND OF HUSHED, DINGEY  
DORMITORY.

IN THE DIM LIGHT WE ARE  
MOVING THROUGH THE  
GANGWAY BETWEEN TWO ROWS  
OF MOTIONLESS FIGURES,  
PRONE ON SHALLOW BUNKS.

THERE IS NOTHING TO TELL  
US WHETHER THEY ARE  
ASLEEP OR DEAD, BUT SOME  
OF THE FIGURES SHIMMER  
SLIGHTLY BENEATH THEIR  
SHROUDS.

WE NOTICE A DETAIL:  
HIRSUTE HANDS SHACKLED IN  
SILVER MANACLES.

OVER THIS WE HEAR A  
COUNTDOWN:)

SAGAN: [V.O] ...fifteen...  
fourteen... thirteen... twelve...

(THE COUNTDOWN CONTINUES  
AS WE MOVE ON, DISSOLVING  
THROUGH TO:)

2. INT. CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(THE CORRIDOR IS AS RUN  
DOWN AND DISREPUTABLE AS  
THE REST OF THE SHIP.

A SIGN, "CARGO/MAIN LOCKS  
ACCESS", HAS BEEN  
SCRATCHED OUT WITH A  
DRIPPING BRUSH, AND AN  
ARROW DRAWN ON THE WALL  
BELOW IT.

AS WE TRAVEL THE LENGTH  
OF THE CORRIDOR THE  
COUNTDOWN DRONES ON)

SAGAN: [V.O.] ...eleven...  
ten... nine... eight...



3. INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

(THE BRIDGE IS A GEODESIC STRUCTURE, WITH OPERATIONAL ZONES ON THREE LEVELS TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE SPACE. UPPERMOST IS THE HELM; ON THE LOWEST LEVEL AND FACING FORWARD IS THE NAVIGATOR'S POSITION.

ONCE GLEAMING AND EFFICIENT, THE PAINT IS NOW STREAKED AND AGED, THE THEME COLOUR BEING THAT OF RUST. FIXTURES ARE HELD IN PLACE BY TAPE, GLASS COVERS TO SCREENS ARE SPLIT AND CRACKED.

TWO OF THE CREW, WHOM WE WILL LATER COME TO KNOW AS LANE AND NESTOR, ARE SILENT AND TENSE IN ANTICIPATION. A THIRD, SAGAN, THE COMMUNICATIONS CLERK, SITS AT HIS OWN DESK WEARING A MONITORING HEADSET AND INTONING THE COUNTDOWN.

EVEN ALDO AND WALDO, THE CREW'S TWO LEAST CARING MEMBERS, HAVE SUSPENDED THEIR GAME OF CARDS FOR A MOMENT TO LISTEN TO THE COUNT DOWN. BUT ALDO ALSO USES THE OPPORTUNITY TO STEAL A GLANCE AT WALDO'S HAND.

AS WE CONTINUE MOVING ALONG THE BRIDGE WE COME UPON THE FACES OF RORVIK AND PACKARD. RORVIK, THE

CAPTAIN OF THE PRIVATEER,  
IS THICK-SET, BULL-LIKE  
AND BEARDED. PACKARD,  
HIS SECOND, IS TALL AND  
GLOOMY, AS IF RESIGNED TO  
A LIFETIME OF  
APOLOGISING. LIKE THE  
REST OF THE CREW, BOTH  
ARE UNKEMPT. PACKARD'S  
HANDS ARE POISED OVER THE  
CONTROLS, BUT THE EYES OF  
BOTH OF THEM ARE DIRECTED  
TOWARDS:

BIROC, THE ALIEN, WHOSE  
WIDE UNSEEING EYES STARE  
TENSELY INTO THE  
DISTANCE.

WE NOW SEE THAT BIROC  
LIES HALF-RECLINED ON A  
SEAT OF RIVETTED BARE  
METAL. HE IS STRAPPED  
DOWN AND GAGGED BY A  
BREATHING MASK; EVEN HIS  
HEAD IS LOCKED INTO PLACE  
BY A CLAMP.

BIROC'S HANDS ARE  
IMPRISONED IN GLEAMING  
SILVER MANACLES LIKE  
THOSE WE NOTICED ON THE  
OCCUPANTS OF THE HOLD)

SAGAN:                    seven.. six...  
five... four...

(BIROC'S FACE IS RIGID  
WITH TENSION, SWEAT  
STREAMING FROM HIS BROW)

SAGAN:                    three... two...  
one... zero!

(SILENCE.

PACKARD'S HAND REMAINS  
POISED OVER THE  
CONTROLS)

RORVIC: [TO PACKARD] Hit it!  
Hit it!

PACKARD: How can I? He's  
still not visualising.

(PACKARD INDICATES BIROC,  
AND WE NOTICE THAT LEADS  
FROM THE SHACKLED ALIEN'S  
HEAD CONNECT HIM TO THE  
ELECTRONIC APPARATUS IN  
FRONT OF HIM. THE LARGE  
VIEWING SCREEN, EVIDENTLY  
PART OF THE SAME  
CIRCUITRY IS, BLANK. IT  
FLICKERS WITH OCCASIONAL  
GLITCHES)

RORVIK: Jump them!

PACKARD: The time lines? We  
can't do it blind!

RORVIC: I'll say what we can  
and can't do. Anything's better  
than staying here. Ignition!

(RORVIK SLAMS HIS HAND  
ONTO PACKARD'S SO THAT  
THE IGNITION BUTTON IS  
ACTIVATED. AS PACKARD  
WINCES WITH THE PAIN WE  
HEAR A RUSH FROM THE WARP  
ENGINES AND THE WHOLE  
SHIP ROCKS)

SAGAN: We have lift-off.

(A WEAK CHEER GOES UP  
FROM THE OTHER CREW  
MEMBERS.

RORVIK LEANS IN VERY  
CLOSE TO BIROC)

RORVIC: Now we'll have to  
see it, Biroc. Show us where we're  
going.

(RORVIC SNAPS HIS FINGERS  
AT SAGAN AND LANE. THEY  
LOOK AT ONE ANOTHER, THEN  
RELUCTANTLY STEP  
FORWARD)

RORVIC: High tension cable.  
We'll run it to his feed point.  
That ought to boost him.

PACKARD: Kill him, more  
like.

RORVIC: Always looking on  
the gloomy side, Packard.

ALDO: [AS HE PLAYS A CARD]  
It'll kill him.

WALDO: Want to bet? [HE  
GETS OUT A COIN]

ALDO: It's fifty-fifty.  
OK?

(WALDO NODS, AND FLICKS  
THE COIN INTO THE AIR.

WE CLOSE ON THE COIN AS  
IT SPINS UPWARDS.

AS IT REACHES ITS APOGEE  
WE SENSE THAT ITS  
PROGRESS IS BEING SLOWED  
BY SOME FACTOR OTHER THAN  
NORMAL GRAVITY.

OVER THIS WE HEAR:)

RORVIK: Well? Are we out of  
the dead zone?

SAGAN: [WHO HAS BEEN  
LISTENING TO HIS HEADPHONES] We're  
closing on something.

PACKARD: [CHECKING HIS OWN  
CONTROLS] He's right. We're  
heading for a time rift!

(AS THE COIN BEGINS TO  
FALL IN TREACLY  
SLOW-MOTION THE IMAGE  
JOLTS HORRIBLY WITH A  
TREMENDOUS TEARING  
SOUND.

THE CONTROL PANEL  
SHATTERS UNDER THE IMPACT  
OF SOMETHING THAT SEEMS  
TO HAVE SHAKEN THE WHOLE  
SHIP. GLASS-FACED  
INSTRUMENT PANELS EXPLODE  
AND THE DEBRIS FALLS TO  
THE FLOOR.

AS THE DUST SETTLES WE  
SEE THE COIN SLOWLY FALL,  
RINGING ON THE METAL  
FLOORING.

WE NOTICE THE FRIGHTENED  
CREW ARE SCATTERED ACROSS  
THE BRIDGE. ONLY BIROC,



STRAPPED INTO HIS  
HARNESS, REMAINS  
UNAFFECTED.

THE SCREEN ABOVE BIROC'S  
HEAD STILL FLICKERS  
EMPTY. WE TIGHTEN ON  
BIROC'S EYE, AND SEEM TO  
SEE THERE THE SAME  
GLITCHES THAT WERE THROWN  
UP ON THE SCREEN.

AT FIRST IT APPEARS TO BE  
ONLY ANOTHER GLITCH. AND  
THEN THE SHAPE FORMS --  
BLUE, RECTANGULAR,  
FAMILIAR.

THE TARDIS, TUMBLING  
TOP-OVER-TAIL IN E-SPACE,  
LIKE THE COIN)

4. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.  
NO TIME.

(ROMANA IS PROGRAMMING  
CO-ORDINATES INTO THE  
CONTROL CONSOLE. SHE HAS  
TO HANG ON TO THE PLINTH  
TO STEADY HERSELF AGAINST  
THE BUCKING MOTION OF THE  
TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR, ADRIC AND K9  
ARE SIMILARLY BRACED  
AGAINST THE WALLS, ADRIC  
LOOKING PARTICULARLY  
QUEASY)

ROMANA: One more go.

DOCTOR: Haven't you done  
enough damage already.

ROMANA: It's not me, it's a  
time rift.

DOCTOR: And who steered us  
into it.

ROMANA: Steered is hardly  
the word. She won't respond to the  
co-ordinates.

DOCTOR: Here, let me.

(THE DOCTOR PUSHES  
HIMSELF OFF FROM THE WALL  
AND LURCHES TOWARDS THE  
CONSOLE.

HE OPERATES A FEW LEVERS  
WITH CONFIDENCE BORN OF  
LONG EXPERIENCE)

DOCTOR: It just needs a  
little friendly persuasion.

ROMANA: I've been friendly.

DOCTOR: Firm but friendly.

(HE PULLS ON A LEVER. IT  
REFUSES TO BUDGE)

DOCTOR: It's jammed.

ROMANA: That's right. We've  
lost control. We're adrift.

DOCTOR: Drifting in  
E-Space.

ROMANA: Come on, Doctor.  
We've got to do something.

DOCTOR: [IN DEEP THOUGHT]  
But have we...?

ROMANA: What!

DOCTOR: I wonder if that's  
it?

ROMANA: What -- drifting?

DOCTOR: The way out of  
E-Space.

(THE STORM TAKES A TURN  
FOR THE WORSE. THE  
DOCTOR, ROMANA AND ADRIC  
HANG ON FOR DEAR LIFE)

5. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY

(THE CREW ARE STILL  
DAZED, BUT ARE NOW ABLE  
TO MOVE AROUND, CHECKING  
INSTRUMENTS AND COUNTING  
THEIR BRUISES.

RORVIK TOWERS OVER THE  
HARNESSED ALIEN)

NESTOR: Helm readings show  
no space, no time... Just like  
before.

RORVIC: Damn you, Biroc!  
Right back where we started. Stuck  
in this... nothing... for months  
and months... And now this!

(HE SEEMS TO BE ABOUT TO  
HIT HIM, WHEN PACKARD  
INTERRUPTS)

PACKARD: We've got damage.

RORVIK: Of course we've got  
damage. How bad?

SAGAN CALLS FROM HIS COMMUNICATIONS  
DESK.

SAGAN: Lane's taking a  
look.

6. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE  
PRIVATEER. DAY.

(THE AREA IS NORMALLY  
SEALED OFF TO THE  
INTERIOR OF THE SHIP,  
LIKE AN AIRCRAFT CARGO  
HOLD.

THE SIDE OF THE SHIP HAS  
BEEN TORN OPEN, AND THERE  
IS DAMAGE IN THE MAZE OF  
MACHINERY THAT HAS NOW  
BECOME VISIBLE FROM THE  
OUTSIDE.

THERE IS NO BURNING, BUT  
BRIGHT LIGHTS ARE  
FLASHING DEEP INSIDE,  
OBVIOUSLY NOT PART OF THE  
MOTOR'S NORMAL  
OPERATION.

LANE STANDS ON A STEEL  
LADDER BOLTED TO THE WALL  
AND SURVEYS THE SCENE.  
HE SWITCHES ON THE  
COMMUNICATOR ATTACHED TO  
THE WALL)

LANE: Lane to bridge.



7. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(PACKARD BENDS TO THE  
SPEAKER ON HIS CONSOLE)

PACKARD:           What's the news?

8. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

LANE: [INTO THE INTERCOM]  
The outer shell's torn -- a rip you  
can climb right through. In fact I  
just did.

9. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(RORVIK HAS OVERHEARD  
THIS, AND SNATCHES THE  
INTERCOM FROM PACKARD)

RORVIK:           Never mind the  
frills, what about the hull?

17. INT. THE DAMAGED AREA OF THE PRIVATEER.  
DAY.

LANE: I'm checking that  
now. Nothing structural I can see.

(ALONGSIDE THE ACCESS  
LADDER RUNS A BIG RED  
CABLE WITH THE INSULATION  
DAMAGED. SPARKS ARE  
FLYING ALL AROUND IT)

LANE: The electrics are  
falling apart, though.

(THE RED CABLE BEGINS TO  
SPARK AND THE INSULATION  
STARTS TO BURN. LANE  
TAKES OFF HIS HAT AND  
BEGINS BEATING OUT THE  
FLAMES)

11. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

RORVIK: Lane, will you stop fooling around and give me a proper report. Lane...?

PACKARD: What about the Warp Drive?

RORVIK: And Packard's worried about the Warp Drive.

LANE: [ON DISTORT] If this power line goes up there won't be any warp drive.

(DURING THIS, ALDO AND WALDO ARE APPROACHING THE COIN TO HOW IT'S FALLEN.

ALDO PICKS IT UP AND IS ABOUT TO PUT IT IN HIS POCKET, WHEN WALDO STOPS HIM)

WALDO: We're not out of it yet -- double or quits?



12. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO TIME.

ROMANA: Admit it, you don't know what you're doing.

DOCTOR: I'm following intuition.

ROMANA: It's no better than tossing a coin.

DOCTOR: What's so improbable about tossing a coin? Didn't you ever hear of the I Ching?

ROMANA: Superstition!

(ADRIC HAS BEEN LISTENING KEENLY TO THE DISCUSSION. HE TAKES OUT A COIN FROM HIS POCKET AND LOOKS AT IT)

DOCTOR: Random sampling to reflect the broad flow of the material universe. The holistic view.

ROMANA: Coffee table Jung!

(ADRIC WEIGHS THE COIN IN HIS HAND. HE TURNS TO K9)

ADRIC: What's the I Ching?

K9: Ancient Chinese book  
of Philosophy accessed by random  
sampling.

ADRIC: How do you read it,  
then.

K9: Traditional method  
is the tossing of coins. The I  
Ching methodology casts doubt on  
the value of normal causalistic  
procedures.

(THE COIN. ADRIC TURNS  
IT OVER IN HIS HAND)

K9: [O.O.V] And of  
course vice versa.

13. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

LANE: [ON DISTORT] You  
were asking about the warp  
drive...

PACKARD: [EAGERLY] Yes?

LANE: Don't ask. It's  
shot to hell.

RORVIK: [INTO THE INTERCOM]  
OK, Lane. Back in here. [THE ONLY  
ANSWER IS A PROLONGED CRACKLE FROM  
THE INSTRUMENT] Lane...?

(NO REPLY. RORVIK HANDS  
THE INSTRUMENT TO PACKARD  
AND TURNS HIS ATTENTION  
TO BIROC)

PACKARD: Lane...? Lane...?  
[TO RORVIK] Communications are  
breaking up.

(BIROC LIES IN HIS  
CONSTRAINTS -- EXHAUSTED,  
DRAINED, HIS EYES ROLLED  
UP AND HALF CLOSED. ON  
EITHER SIDE OF HIM SIT  
ALDO AND WALDO, WEIGHING  
HIM UP)

RORVIC: And what about you,  
Biroc? Are you breaking up? Why  
no pictures?

ALDO: He's going.

RORVIK: He blew out my warp drive. [FIERCELY, IN BIROC'S EAR]  
You did that on purpose!

WALDO: What a waste. [TO  
ALDO] Wouldn't give much for his scrap value.

PACKARD: [SIGNALLING TO ALDO  
AND WALDO TO START UNDOING BIROC'S  
HARNESS] We've got to get him  
patched up. We'll lose him.

RORVIK: Typical, Packard.  
Always thinking of your bonus.

(HE STRAIGHTENS UP, AND  
GESTURES ACROSS THE  
BRIDGE TO SAGAN)

RORVIC: Take him below and  
get him fixed up.

(SAGAN AND ANOTHER CREW  
MEMBER HURRY FORWARD.  
BIROC LOLLS LIMPLY AS HE  
IS RELEASED.

RORVIK MOVES OVER TO  
PACKARD)

ALDO: So we're back in  
nowhere.

WALDO: Nowhere's somewhere.

ALDO: Somewhere that isn't  
even supposed to exist.

(SAGAN AND THE SECOND  
CREW MEMBER GET UNDER AN  
ARM EACH AND DRAG BIROC'S  
INERT FORM TOWARDS THE  
SLIDING DOORS AT THE BACK  
OF THE BRIDGE. THE ALIEN  
GIVES THEM NO HELP.

RORVIK LOOKS TOWARDS  
NESTOR, AT THE HELM)

RORVIC: [EXPECTING INSTANT  
OBEDIENCE] Report from the helm?

(THERE IS NO REPLY.  
RORVIK TURN SLOWLY ROUND  
AND HIS GAZE FASTENS ON  
NESTOR)

RORVIC: That's you,  
remember? Instrumentation status?

NESTOR: [INDICATING THE  
SHATTERED CONTROLS] What do you  
want me to say?

(RORVIC CLOSES HIS EYES  
WEARILY)



14. INT. CORRIDOR OF THE PRIVATEER. DAY.

(SAGAN AND THE SECOND  
CREW MEMBER APPEAR,  
MOVING DOWN THE CORRIDOR  
WITH BIROC STILL  
SUPPORTED BETWEEN THEM.

BIROC OPENS ONE EYE AS  
THEY TURN AT THE CORRIDOR  
INTERSECTION TO FOLLOW  
THE ARROW. WE CAN TELL  
THAT HE'S FAR MORE ALERT  
THAN HE SEEMS TO BE)

15. INT. ANOTHER CORRIDOR. DAY.

(BIROC IS DRAGGED INTO  
VIEW.

HALFWAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR  
HE SUDDENLY SPRINGS INTO  
ACTION. THE ARMS THAT  
HUNG LIMPLY OVER THE  
SHOULDERS OF THE TWO CREW  
MEMBERS NOW CLAMP TIGHT  
AROUND THEIR NECKS AS  
BIROC GETS HIS FEET UNDER  
HIM.

AS THEY STRUGGLE TO REACH  
THEIR WEAPONS, BIROC  
DRAGS THEM TOWARDS THE  
NEAREST METAL DOOR.

HE THROWS THE TWO CREWMEN  
FORWARD; THEIR HEADS  
BANG, AND THEY SLIDE TO  
THE FLOOR.

BIROC RUNS)

16. INT. CORRIDOR INTERSECTION. DAY.

(BIROC APPEARS FROM A  
CORRIDOR LEADING INTO THE  
INTERSECTION.

SEEMING TO KNOW THE WAY,  
HE CHOOSES A DIRECTION  
WITHOUT HESITATING, AND  
RUNS ONWARD)

17. INT. ENTRANCE HATCHWAY. DAY.

(A GREASY UTILITARIAN CHAMBER WITH EXPOSED STRUTS THAT SUPPORT THE OUTER WALL, AND AN OPEN MESH FLOOR UNDER WHICH CABLING CAN BE SEEN.

BIROC MOVES TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE.

HE WAITS FOR A MOMENT, AS IF EXPECTING SOMETHING.

THE AIRLOCK DOOR IS SLIDING OPEN. IN THE AIRLOCK STANDS LANE, KNOCKING HIS SMOKING HAT AGAINST HIS LEG. HE IS TOO PREOCCUPIED WITH THE HAT TO NOTICE BIROC.

BIROC WAITS.

LANE STEPS OUT OF THE LOCK.

AS SOON AS THE DOOR BEGINS TO SLIDE SHUT BIROC PUSHES AN ASTONISHED LANE ASIDE, AND GETS INTO THE LOCK.

LANE REACHES FOR HIS SIDEARM AS SOON AS HE HAS REGAINED HIS BALANCE, BUT TOO LATE; THE DOOR IS CLOSED. HE RUNS TO THE INTERCOM POINT BY THE DOOR.

LANE PICKS UP THE HANDSET AND HITS A BUTTON, WHICH SOUNDS A BEEPER. HE PAUSES, TRYING TO PHRASE A REPORT, WHILE FROM THE OTHER END:)

RORVIK: Bridge... Yes...  
Lane, is that you... [ROARING INTO  
THE INSTRUMENT] Speak -- anybody.

LANE: Er...

18. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO TIME.

(THE TARDIS, STILL CAUGHT  
IN THE SPACE STORM, IS  
NOW MORE BUFFETTED THAN  
EVER.)

THE DOCTOR AND ROMANA EYE  
EACH OTHER ACROSS THE  
CONSOLE WITH WITH  
SOMETHING LESS THAN  
COMPLETE AMIABILITY)

DOCTOR: It's always darkest  
before the dawn. Isn't that right,  
K9?

ROMANA: According to your  
theory, we just press any button  
and hope for the best.

DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose that  
might help. [HE GOES TO PRESS ONE  
OF THE BUTTONS]

ROMANA: [GRABBING HIS HAND]  
Not that button!

DOCTOR: You didn't really  
think I activate the reverse bias.  
It's very hard to generate  
non-determined activity. I mean,  
perhaps I subconsciously wanted to  
press that button.

ROMANA: In full flight?

(ROMANA LEADS HIM AWAY  
FROM THE CONSOLE AND OUT  
INTO:)

18A. INT. THE TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO TIME.

ROMANA: [WHISPERING SO THAT  
ADRIC CAN'T HEAR] You must have a  
death wish.

DOCTOR: You're the one who's  
always keen to do something.

ROMANA: But not  
mumbo-jumbo.

DOCTOR: Anybody would think  
you didn't want to get back to  
Gallifrey.

ROMANA: You know I don't  
want to go back to Gallifrey.

DOCTOR: It's all fairly  
academic, unless we find this CVE.  
We can burn that bridge when we  
come to it.

ROMANA: I don't suppose  
you've thought about Adric? If we  
get out of E-Space we'll be taking  
him away from his own universe.

DOCTOR: Oh, he'll like  
Gallifrey.



18B. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO  
TIME.

(UNNOTICED BY THE DOCTOR  
AND ROMANA, WHO WE  
GLIMPSE IN WHISPERED  
CONFERENCE OUTSIDE IN THE  
CORRIDOR, ADRIC HAS  
STAGGERED OVER TO THE  
CONSOLE.

HE TOSSES THE COIN,  
CONSULTS IT, THEN REACHES  
OUT AND HITS ONE OF THE  
BUTTONS

ALMOST INSTANTLY THE  
STORM ABATES)

K9: Hexagram 9, Hsiao  
Ch'u -- the Taming Power of the  
Small. Quote: "If you are sincere,  
blood vanishes and fear gives  
way".

19. EXT. THE VOID.

(THE VOID IS BRILLIANT  
WHITE AND FEATURELESS --  
EXCEPT THAT IN THE  
DISTANCE THERE IS A  
FIGURE RUNNING TOWARDS  
US. THE OUTLINE  
SHIMMERS, THE MOTION  
SLOWED TO THAT OF A  
DREAM.

IT IS BIROC, RIDING THE  
TIME WINDS. A STREAM OF  
WILD WHITE CLOUDS RUSHES  
AROUND HIM, ENVELOPING  
HIM.)

20. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO TIME.

DOCTOR: [TO ADRIC] What did  
you do?

(ADRIC LOOKS SHEEPISHLY  
BACK AT THE DOCTOR, BUT  
SAYS NOTHING.

ROMANA CHECKS THE CONSOLE  
SETTINGS)

DOCTOR: [TURNING TO K9] You  
saw all this?

K9: Affirmative.  
Non-determinate activity in  
accordance with the theory you were  
offering, Master.

(THEY ARE INTERRUPTED BY  
A SUDDEN VIOLENT LURCH OF  
THE TARDIS.

K9 SLIDES ACROSS THE  
FLOOR AS THE CAMERA  
TILTS, EVERYTHING IS AT A  
CRAZY ANGLE; THE LIGHTING  
LEVEL DROPS A LITTLE, AND  
STAYS DOWN.

ROMANA MANAGES TO GRAB  
THE CONSOLE AND HANG ON,  
BUT BOTH ADRIC AND THE  
DOCTOR FALL. AN OMINOUS  
RUMBLE MAKES IT NECESSARY  
FOR EVERYONE TO RAISE  
THEIR VOICES, AND EVERY  
FEW SECONDS THE TARDIS  
SHAKES AS IF IN AN  
EARTHQUAKE)

DOCTOR: [HIS EYES GLUED TO  
THE DOOR] What!!

(THE DOOR IS BEGINNING TO  
OPEN SLOWLY, A CRACK OF  
BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT  
STREAMING INTO THE  
TARDIS'S DARKENED  
INTERIOR, A WHITE SMOKE  
BLOWN FROM BEHIND  
DEFINING THE DISTINCT  
RAYS)

DOCTOR: The Time Winds!

(THE DOCTOR DIVES PAST K9  
AND JUST MANAGES TO PULL  
ADRIC BACK FROM THE  
WIDENING BEAM, THE TWO OF  
THEM SLIDING TOGETHER  
AGAINST THE WALL.

AS THE FULL BRILLIANCE OF  
THE WHITE LIGHT FALLS  
ACROSS THE CONSOLE IT  
APPEARS TO SEAR THE  
INSTRUMENTS: GLASS COVERS  
EXPLODE AND PANELS BURST  
INTO FLAMES. THE TIME  
WINDS ARE DEADLY.

THE DOOR IS STILL  
OPENING, AND WE SEE THE  
HARD EDGE OF THE BEAM  
CREEPING ACROSS THE FLOOR  
TOWARDS THE  
STILL-STRUGGLING K9. THE  
DOCTOR REACHES OUT TO  
PULL THE ROBOT TO SAFETY,  
BUT THE BEAM FALLS ACROSS  
K9 AND ACROSS THE  
DOCTOR'S HAND.

WITH A REFLEX CRY OF PAIN  
THE DOCTOR JUMPS BACK,  
HUGGING THE INJURED  
HAND.

K9 IS TAKING THE FULL  
FORCE OF THE TIME WINDS.  
THE BLOWN SMOKE POURS  
OVER HIM LIKE DESERT  
SAND.

SOMEHOW BIROC IS NOW  
INSIDE THE TARDIS,  
PUTTING HIS SHOULDER TO  
THE DOOR, FORCING IT SHUT  
AGAINST THE TIME WINDS  
WITH TREMENDOUS EFFORT.

THE DOCTOR, ROMANA AND  
ADRIC ARE ALL POWERLESS  
TO INTERFERE: THEY CAN  
ONLY WATCH.

THE DOOR IS CLOSED, THE  
TIME WINDS EXCLUDED)

21. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(THE CREW ARE LOUNGING AROUND, CONTENT TO LET RORVIC DO ALL THEIR WORRYING FOR THEM. SAGAN AND LANE PLAY CARDS, NESTOR IS FLIPPING SCREWED UP PIECES OF PAPER AT A WASTEBIN AND USUALLY MISSING)

RORVIC: Now we've got a busted warp motor and no navigator -- nowhere to go and no way of getting there. [WAITING FOR A RESPONSE] Yes? Any views on that?

NESTOR: [FROM THE HELM]  
Wait a minute.

RORVIK: A minute? We've got all eternity.

(HE GOES ACROSS TO NESTOR'S CONTROL PANEL)

NESTOR: I'm getting something on the short range scanner

RORVIK: What is it?

NESTOR: I don't know. But it's solid and it's moving.

PACKARD: Looks as if we've got company.

(ON A SMALL VIDEO SCREEN  
A COMPUTER DISPLAY IS  
ROTATING AN IMAGE OF THE  
TARDIS THROUGH THREE  
DIMENSIONS)



22. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. NO  
TIME.

(BIROC IS AT THE CONSOLE,  
SURVEYING THE CONTROLS)

(ROMANA MAKES A REFLEX  
MOVE TO STOP HIM)

DOCTOR: Don't touch him.

ROMANA: But...

(THE DOCTOR POINTS,  
INDICATING BIROC'S HAND.  
IT SEEMS TO DRIFT ACROSS  
THE CONSOLE. THE  
BUTTONS WE SEE HIM  
TOUCHING SINK AND  
ILLUMINATE ONLY MOMENTS  
AFTER HIS HAND HAS MOVED  
ON)

ROMANA: He's out of phase.

DOCTOR: On a different  
timeline.

ROMANA: He should be torn  
apart!

(HAVING SET THE  
CO-ORDINATES, BIROC PULLS  
THE LEVER TO OPERATE THE  
TARDIS, AND THEN SINKS  
EXHAUSTED TO HIS KNEES)

DOCTOR: I think we've just  
been hijacked.

23. INT. THE BRIDGE. DAY.

(PACKARD AND RORVIK ARE  
CROUCHED OVER THE  
SHORT-RANGE SCANNER)

SAGAN: It's getting nearer.  
They're coming in to land!

PACKARD: They might have  
somebody who can fix a warp motor.

RORVIC: So why are they  
stuck between the timelines like  
us?

PACKARD: We won't know until  
we find out.

RORVIC: And we'll still need  
Biroc back. Or we'll have to get  
one of the others out of storage.

PACKARD: You can't revive any  
of them out here. You need the  
full apparatus.

RORVIC: We can jury-rig  
something if necessary. [RAISING  
HIS VOICE TO REACH EVERYBODY ON THE  
BRIDGE] So some of them may die.  
And that cuts into everybody's  
profits -- a chunk out of  
everybody's bonus. You want to  
complain, bring it to Mr Sagan  
here. Because he's the one who  
managed to lose your navigator for  
you.

(SURLY SILENCE FROM THE  
CREW GREET'S RORVIK'S  
SPEECH)

RORVIC: [TURNING TO LANE]  
We're going out to that ship.

LANE: How will I find it.

PACKARD: Portable  
mass-detector. Aldo? Waldo?  
Break it out from stores.

(GRUMBLING, ALDO AND  
WALDO EXCHANGE GLANCES AS  
THEY RISE TO THEIR FEET)

WALDO: Let's have the key,  
then.

ALDO: I gave it to you.

(AFTER A MOMENT OF PANIC,  
WALDO PATS HIS POCKETS  
AND PRODUCES THE KEY)

WALDO: [HANDING HIM THE  
KEY] It's non-stop, Waldo.  
Non-stop.

(THEY SHAMBLE OFF)

RORVIK: [TO LANE] You'll be  
leading the way.

LANE: Why me?

RORVIC: In case they're  
hostile.

24. INT. THE TARDIS. DAY.

(BIROC IS RAISING HIS  
HEAD, LOOKING AT THEM FOR  
THE FIRST TIME.

THE TIME COLUMN HAS  
STOPPED)

ROMANA: Can he see us?

DOCTOR: Probably the same  
way we see him.

ROMANA: [TO BIROC] What are  
you?

DOCTOR: "What"? Is that the  
kind of contact etiquette they're  
teaching on Gallifrey these days?

BIROC: [HIS VOICE REMOTE  
AND SLURRED] I am Biroc. Others  
follow.

DOCTOR: Others? What  
others?

BIROC: Believe nothing they  
say. Not Biroc's kind.

(THE TARDIS DOOR IS  
STARTING TO OPEN UNDER  
ITS OWN POWER. AND BIROC  
IS GONE.

THE DOCTOR MOVES TO THE  
DOORWAY, WRAPPING HIS  
SCARF AROUND HIS INJURED  
HAND.

IN THE SILENCE THEY HAVE  
ALL REALISED THERE ARE NO  
TIME WINDS BLOWING)

25. EXT. THE TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

(BIROC IS SWALLOWED BY  
THE MISTS OF THE VOID.

THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT AND  
LOOKS AROUND)

26. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

ROMANA: [SOMEWHAT  
UNNECESSARILY] That was Biroc.

ADRIC: I know. Any idea  
where he brought us?

ROMANA: I don't know. The  
co-ordinates are all locked off at  
zero.

DOCTOR: [RETURNING] That's  
exactly what it looks like. Look,  
you two hold the fort here. I'm  
going to see where Biroc's off to.  
Come on, K9.

(NO RESPONSE. THEY ALL  
LOOK AT K9)

ADRIC: Is it because of the  
Time Winds?

DOCTOR: Poor old thing  
wasn't built to take that kind of  
treatment. Never mind. Wait here,  
and don't make a move until I get  
back.

ROMANA: But...

DOCTOR: Zero co-ordinates.  
Ponder on that.



(AND THE DOCTOR IS GONE)

ADRIC:                   What did he mean...  
zero co-ordinates?

ROMANA:                Of course! Don't  
you see. Our normal space is  
positive, and your E-Space is  
negative.

ADRIC:                This must be the  
intersection.

ROMANA:               The way out...

ADRIC:                Somewhere near  
here.

ROMANA:               If the Doctor can  
find it.

27. EXT. THE VOID BY THE TARDIS. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR SURVEYS THE  
VOID.

THERE IS NOTHING IN ANY  
DIRECTION, JUST AN EVEN  
BURNT-OUT WHITE. THE  
DOCTOR AND THE TARDIS  
APPEAR TO BE THE ONLY  
SOLID OBJECTS IN IT.

THE DOCTOR CHOOSES AN  
ARBITRARY DIRECTION, AND  
SETS OUT AFTER BIROC)

28. EXT. THE VOID. DAY.

(BIROC, NO LONGER AIDED  
BY THE TIME WINDS, RUNS  
THROUGH THE EMPTY MIST OF  
THE VOID UNDER HIS OWN  
EFFORT.

THE RIGORS OF  
IMPRISONMENT IN THE  
HARNESS ARE BEGINNING TO  
TELL. WE NOTICE BIROC IS  
FLAGGING)

29. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA AND ADRIC ARE  
CROUCHED OVER K9)

ADRIC:                    You can repair him,  
can't you?

(ROMANA LOOKS VERY  
DOUBTFUL.

SHE BEGINS TO UNDO HIS  
SIDE PANEL)

ADRIC:                    What's N-Space  
like?

ROMANA:                  Like E-Space, only  
larger.

ADRIC:                    That sounds good.  
Yes, I'd like to go there with you  
and the Doctor.

ROMANA:                  [PAUSING AT HER WORK  
ON K9] What if... the Doctor and  
I went different ways?

ADRIC:                    But you wouldn't,  
would you?

(SHE BRUSHES ASIDE THE  
QUESTION AND TAKES A  
COUPLE OF WAFERS OUT OF  
K9)

ROMANA:                    These are parts of  
his memory.

(UNDER SLIGHT PRESSURE  
ONE OF THE WAFERS  
CRUMBLES AND  
DISINTEGRATES.

K9 SUDDENLY RETURNS TO  
ACTIVITY, HIS EYES  
ILLUMINATING BRIEFLY)

ROMANA:                    How are you feeling,  
K9?

K9:                        Misconception of the  
functional nature of this unit. I  
neither feel nor find it necessary  
to express states of efficiency or  
dysfunction.

ADRIC:                    Does that mean he  
feels all right?

K9:                        All systems  
functioning. Recommend priority  
transferred to the three humanoid  
life-forms approaching the Tardis.

ROMANA:                    He's having  
delusions.

30. EXT. THE VOID.

(THREE FIGURES, RORVIC,  
PACKARD, AND LANE, ARE  
APPROACHING THROUGH THE  
WHITE MIST.

LANE CARRIES THE MASS  
DETECTOR, AN ARTICULATED  
APPARATUS MOUNTED ON A  
CHEST PLATE)

31. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ROMANA AND ADRIC ARE  
STARING AT THE IMAGE OF  
RORVIK, LANE AND PACKARD  
AS THEIR OUTLINES HARDEN  
THROUGH THE MIST)

ROMANA: Impossible!

K9: Probability computes  
at zero point zero zero zero five  
seven, Mistress. Please apply  
point six seven error correction to  
this estimate. Error in error  
correction estimate estimated at  
point three seven zero five. Error  
correction estimate error estimated  
at....

ROMANA: We've got to stop  
this or he'll go on forever...

(SHE PULLS OUT ONE OF  
K9's MEMORY WAFERS)

K9: Correction. All  
present and correct. King's  
regulations [Army] Report of the  
Orderly Serjeant to the Officer of  
the Day.... [HE SLURS TO A HALT]

ADRIC: [STUDYING THE  
SCREEN] And they've got guns!  
[LOOKING FROM K9 TO THE SCREEN AND  
BACK AGAIN] I wish the Doctor was  
here.



ROMANA: [LOOKING AT K9'S  
DAMAGED WAFFER, AT THE SCREEN -- AND  
AT ADRIC] So do I.... But don't  
worry. We'll work something out.  
[AN AFTERTHOUGHT] I am completely  
qualified.

(HER BRAVE SMILE IS  
ALMOST CONVINCING)

32. EXT. THE GATEWAY. DAY.

(A PAIR OF MASSIVE WOODEN DOORS SET IN AN ARCH OF MASON-CUT ROCK, TWO DECAYED PILLARS SUPPORTING A PARTLY COLLAPSED LINTEL, A RUINED STATUE TO ONE SIDE, AN EMPTY PLINTH WITH A HEAP OF RUBBLE AROUND IT ON THE OTHER.

ONE OF THE DOORS IS SLIGHTLY AJAR. THE ROCKS ARE WHITE AND GREY, AND THEY BLEND OFF INTO THE SURROUNDINGS IMPERCEPTIBLY.

BIROC, NOW WEARY, ARRIVES AT THE GATEWAY AND LEANS AGAINST ONE OF THE PILLARS.

AS HE REGAINS HIS BREATH HE SURVEYS THE RUINS, HIS FACE ILLUMINATED BY RECOGNITION AND AFFECTION.

STRENGTHENED BY THE FAMILIAR SIGHT, BIROC ENTERS THE DOORWAY, AND DISAPPEARS INTO THE DARKNESS BEYOND.

THE DOCTOR HAS BEEN WATCHING BIROC FROM A DISTANCE. CAUTIOUSLY HE APPROACHES THE GATEWAY AND FOLLOWS BIROC THROUGH TO:)

33. INT. GATEWAY ENTRANCE TUNNEL. DAY.

(A VAULTED STONE TUNNEL,  
GLOOMY COMPARED TO THE  
VOID BEYOND. THERE WERE  
ONCE ELABORATE MOUNTS FOR  
BURNING TORCHES ALONG THE  
WALLS, BUT THESE ARE  
EMPTY AND BROKEN AND  
SKINNED OVER WITH  
COBWEBS. THE PAVED FLOOR  
IS DUSTY, MARKED ONLY BY  
A SINGLE LINE OF TRACKS  
-- BIROC'S.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS THE  
FOOTPRINTS)

34. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL.  
DAY.

(THERE IS AN OPEN  
FIREPLACE FILLED WITH  
DEAD ASHES, AND OVER THE  
MANTEL A SQUARE OF TORN  
CANVAS, BLACK AND  
MILDEWED, SAGS FROM A  
GILDED PICTURE FRAME.

WINDOWS TO EITHER SIDE  
ARE SO STAINED AND FILTHY  
THAT NO LIGHT GETS IN,  
AND THE HEAVY VELVET  
DRAPES TO THEM ARE ALMOST  
EATEN AWAY.

THE MAIN FEATURE OF THE  
ROOM IS THE BANQUETING  
TABLE. IT APPEARS TO  
HAVE BEEN SET FOR A MEAL  
WHICH WAS THEN ALLOWED TO  
DECAY FOR CENTURIES:  
PILES OF MOULD WHERE THE  
FRUIT BOWLS STOOD,  
SKELETONS OF RAT-BITTEN  
CARCASSES WITH SHREDS OF  
BLACK DRIED MEAT STILL  
CLINGING.

THE CANDLEABRA ARE  
COBWEBBED, AND MOST OF  
THE CHAIRS HAVE BEEN  
THROWN BACK OR  
OVERTURNED.

WE NOTICE ARCHED ALCOVES  
AND DOORWAYS AROUND THE  
WALLS OF THE BANQUETING  
HALL.

A HEADLESS BLACK AND SHINY WARRIOR ROBOT, WIRES SPROUTING FROM ITS OPEN NECK LIES ON THE FLOOR WHERE IT HAS OBVIOUSLY LAIN NEGLECTED FOR AN AGE. THE DESIGN IS PLAIN AND UNFUSSY, LIKE A SPACE-AGE SIMPLIFICATION OF SAMURAI ARMOUR.

OTHER SIMILAR ROBOTS, IN VARYING STATES OF PRESERVATION, PRONE AND STANDING, POPULATE THE ROOM.

THESE ROBOTS, THE GUNDANS, SEEM TO HAVE GOT THE UPPER HAND IN SOME TERMINAL BATTLE AGAINST THE THARKS. THE TWISTED REMAINS OF THE SLAIN THARKS ARE EVIDENCE OF THE GUNDANS' SUCCESS.

MANY OF THE ARCHWAYS THAT AT FIRST APPEAR TO BE EXITS ARE IN FACT PERFECT MIRRORS. THESE ARE GUARDED BY GUNDANS, AS IF TO PREVENT THE FEASTING THARKS FROM REACHING THE MIRRORS.

SOME OF THE THESE SENTRY GUNDANS HAVE FALLEN, LEAVING MIRRORS UNPOLICED.

BIROC RUNS INTO THE HALL IN A SORT OF DREAMY SLOW-MOTION, WHICH BECOMES SLOWER AS HE APPROACHES ONE OF THE UNGUARDED MIRRORS.

AS HE REACHES IT IT SEEMS THAT HE MUST STOP, BUT

INSTEAD HE APPEARS TO  
DISSOLVE SLOWLY INTO THE  
MIRROR.

AS HIS TRAILING HAND  
PASSES THROUGH AFTER HIM,  
THE MANACLE ON THE WRIST,  
BLOCKED BY THE MIRROR,  
SLIPS TO THE GROUND  
EMPTY.

AND BIROC IS GONE. WE  
ARE LEFT WITH THE  
REFLECTION OF THE  
DESERTED HALL)

35. EXT. TARDIS IN THE VOID. DAY.

(PACKARD HAS WALKED RIGHT  
ROUND THE TARDIS, AND NOW  
RETURNS TO RORVIK AND  
LANE)

RORVIK: Well?

PACKARD: It's a solid  
object.

RORVIK: [TO LANE] Check?

LANE: [SHAKING HIS HEAD  
OVER THE MASS DETECTOR] These  
readings don't make sense.

RORVIK: Give me a printout.

(LANE ACTIVATES THE  
MASS-DETECTOR. REAMS OF  
PRINT-OUT SPRING FROM THE  
BODY OF THE INSTRUMENT.

WHILE THE PRINT-OUT  
CONTINUES, RORVIK PICKS  
UP THE BEGINNING OF THE  
ROLL AND BEGINS TO STUDY  
THE FIGURES)

LANE: It's a ship.

PACKARD: What, for midgets?

LANE: Or a coffin for a  
very large man.

RORVIK: [EVENTUALLY] All  
right. Enough of that. Let's bust  
it open.



36. INT. THE OLD BANQUETING HALL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS STANDING  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE  
ROOM, SURVEYING THE  
BATTLEFIELD.

FROM WHERE HE IS  
STANDING, A LINE OF  
FOOTPRINTS IS VISIBLE IN  
THE DUST.

THE DOCTOR FOLLOWS THE  
FOOTPRINTS, UNTIL THEY  
LEAD HIM TO ONE OF THE  
UNGUARDED MIRRORS, WHERE  
THEY STOP DEAD.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT THE  
FOOTPRINTS AND PUZZLES.  
HE PUTS HIS GOOD HAND  
AGAINST THE FLAT,  
UNYIELDING SURFACE.

HE NOTICES THE MANACLE,  
AND STOOPS TO PICK IT UP,  
SURPRISED AT ITS WEIGHT.

BEHIND HIM, THE HEAD OF A  
GUNDAN BEGINS TO TURN --  
STIFFLY, AS IF FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN AN AGE.

THE DOCTOR STRAIGHTENS UP  
WITH DIFFICULTY -- THE  
MANACLE IS VERY HEAVY.  
HE WEIGHS IT IN HIS HAND,  
WONDERING.

THE GUNDAN TAKES A STIFF  
PACE FORWARD, CLOSING ON  
THE DOCTOR. ITS HAND IS  
A CLAW, JERKING UP TO  
BRING A SAVAGE AXELIKE  
WEAPON TO BEAR.

THE DOCTOR STANDS IN THE  
ARCHWAY, ALL HIS  
ATTENTION ON THE MANACLE.  
HE DOESN'T SEE THE  
REFLECTION OF THE GUNDAN  
AS IT APPROACHES:

LIFTING ITS AXE HIGH  
ABOVE ITS HEAD)

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing  
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm